This Pulsing Crimson Arrow

From the creepiest of all social networks, LinkedIn, which your not-so-humble prophet has been awarded a meritorious public service badge for being banned from (was it something I said?). As per usual, my published responses are denoted offset with [brackets].

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Children should not have access to social media period.

[How does one define a child? I have met dozens of people dying in nursing homes that in nearly a century did not progress past an infant's mentality - believing everything they saw to be their property, including people, to destroy and dispose of while grasping for more. I declared self-awareness as an adult at age 12. If I had been allowed to get a job and move out of my parents' home at that point it would have allowed me a far safer environment in which to grow. I was just as capable of flipping burgers at Wendy's then as I was at 15, when I moved into the car I bought. My first apartment was a few days after my 17th birthday. At 47, this is even more the decision I support. Adulthood is achieved through learning, not by surviving through a certain number of moon phases. Isolation from reality offers a very limited scope of education.]

Mint Rain

don't do semantics

[I've been thinking about this all day. It took some hours to clear out and refine which of the multitude of responses that immediately sprang into existence would be most appropriate. 'don't do semantics' is a bizarre and disappointing order to see given. An imperative issued without authority to not make any attempt at all to understand the information communicated by another human being. Mandating that thought be eliminated is the plot of Fahrenheit 451, Brave New World, 1984.

It is impossible to determine the intended message - there are five possibilities I consider likely - since no other contextual clues exist. That is irony. Not the unfortunate kind Alanis Morrisette sang about. It seems to be a directive towards an extreme form of laziness - a mental one involving rational, logical calculation. No benefit has ever arisen from losing functional intelligence. So - 'children' is not to be questioned or defined, as all 9 billion or so us agree as to this object. The next word is 'should', which does not describe anything existing in reality. Nothing happens because it should. So - these three words are a desperate plea projected rudely from a faceless stranger to stop using language - using language.]

Mint Rain provides no pictures or information at all about themselves on their LinkedIn profile. They have six followers. Scrolling down their list of posts, I see none original, although I did not continue until the end/beginning of their feed. It is difficult to envision this account as belonging to an actual living entity. A high percentage of the reposts are true, factual, very basic informative reminders that would result in the physical maintenance of a human body - what is insulin? what is cardiac arrest? what is lidocaine toxicity? ....high blood pressure? ....iron deficiency?

There are the most generic and bland positive mindset encouragements. There are also lots of call-to-action reposts that unanimously portray institutionalized healthcare providers and their collaborating stakeholders in unquestioned positive glowing light. Filling out the rest of the list are generic, non-denominational Christian advertisements suggesting college students in New York attend First Love Bible Study.

One displays a picture of what is supposedly overflowing city trash cans, but instead of fast-food wrappers and disposable plastic water bottles it showcases what is obviously the total material possessions of several unhoused persons that have been robbed under threat of imprisonment by the paid thugs with guns accompanying city sanitation workers. The headline tries and fails to convince the reader that 'the residents here' successfully turned this mess (supposedly trash cans neglected by public works employees and in insufficient number, as the municipal board responsible for these was incompetent and has no oversight committee) into a "green oasis" - large planter boxes around the refuse receptacles that are holding minimal, decorative foliage (grass the height of weeds) and blocking extensive sections of the public sidewalk from use by pedestrians or anyone who may be exhausted and want to lie down on a blanket in a pup tent.

Another is more subtle in its underlying message. The Treetops Collective in Grand Rapids, Michigan - a state I have spent years now reporting the rampant white supremacist scourge infecting and multiplying in its avenues and townships - is an 'innovative and transformative program' (this is the best way to play to the algorithm, using keywords pertaining directly to unrestricted business growth) establishing 'intentional deep relationships in the immigrant and refugee communities, allowing us to stand in the gap between their needs and the services that exist in Grand Rapids.'

The body of the faux-article repetitiously uses phrases like mental health, support groups, refugees and their children and families. It is not, however, addressed or speaking to anyone who is not a US citizen, as it is asking for support to train a nationwide network (a very LinkedIn term) of urgently-needed staff who are oh-so-

brave but overwhelmed and completely incapable of using a cellphone's search browser to find answers to their specific questions in an almost immediate amount of time. Perhaps they were unavoidably duped by Mint Rain's ban on logical reasoning and one of the most fundamental of all areas of knowledge - semantics.

As a username, Mint Rain is gender-neutral, free of any possible connections to sexual preferences, cultural heritage, genetic factors. Age is also obfuscated - anyone born after 1959 could be named this, although, if the birth certificate signers counted tie-dye garments amongst their wardrobe, it would probably be spelled something along the lines of Pnmmt Rayne. Your not-so-humble Prophet Obblonge briefly shared an alternative school (for those who are pregnant and/or hitting a bong) with a Sonshyne Autumn Daye. All three of these names are infinitely cooler and more inspiring than Ethan or Dylan or Michael or Jennifer or Amanda. There is probably a growing number of Mohammeds (alt. Muhammed) that are rolling their eyes and groaning at their parents' lack of creativity as well, as it has recently usurped Michael after around seventy years as the most popular male first name worldwide.

Being similar to other people is evolutionarily disadvantageous. If you can't be distinguished from the crowd, you'll wind up just as susceptible to all of the trendy, popular diseases that the majority of undistinguished masses are.

Yesterday I received an email from PsyPost that, among other things, contained a link to a newly published study asserting that the available American's gene pool has gradually, and is continuing to, decline in genetic factors that support and encourage learning and education. I didn't review the study, deeming what the title suggests adequate enough in its premise. PsyPost's sometimes multiple daily emails are never without at least one new study that makes me sarcastically congratulate the research grant writer's applied persuasive techniques. While some are interesting in a mildly entertaining way, most are near useless - haphazardly

reporting findings that are not broad enough in sample base to be conclusive of anything or upon inspection are poorly constructed experiments that contain too many variables that could meaningfully contribute to the outcome. At best, PsyPost's frequent lists of emerging research provide an occasional smirk in response to an obvious correlation.

Imagine this sentence was an arrow, bright red and flashing, pointing upwards on the page to the previous paragraph. This may assist the reader in noting and remembering the concept put forth therein - once upon a time there was a person who realized that if a human being was breathing, it was lying. This epiphany drove him to verify information until his high personal standards of validity were verified. Questions common in this never-ending and enriching pursuit included, but were not limited to:

Who is presenting this data? Why? Which statements included are facts and which are opinions? Are those deemed facts supported with annotated sources? If checked, are those sources valid? Do they stem from the same party or parties that is presenting the data being analyzed? Who benefits if this data is deemed true? Why? Has altruism ever existed or is it a fantastical fictional myth?

In one of my recent inspirational scriptures, I relayed a statistic that 54% of Americans between the ages of 16-74 read below a 6th grade level. For contextual background as to the severity of this massive societal failure: The Prophet Obblonge never attended kindergarten, as it wasn't mandatory in Austin at the time, and I wanted to continue staying up all night until dawn drinking huge plastic tumblers of instant coffee over ice with undissolved floating globs of non-dairy powdered creamer and carcinogenic liquid saccharin sweetener. Horror movies were often playing overnight on at least one basic cable (ask the interwebs) channel - more if it was the weekend, which didn't yet exist for me and still doesn't. When it came time to shovel me maliciously into first grade, I was given a standardized aptitude test

whose results were used to assign my particular instructors. All of my scribblings added up to me being proclaimed as in the top thirty highest-scoring students in the district. Without benefit of any systematic instruction or curriculum, my reading level was assessed at fourth grade. That was one thing the caretaker I was left alone with nearly 24/7 did accomplish. Cataloging all events now after my mother's death, it is the most important and beneficial voluntary act to her credit as far as her only surviving child is concerned. Her reasoning behind it doesn't detract from the results - a highly unstable and oftentimes physically dangerous agoraphobic paranoid schizophrenic, by thirty her health had been damaged by lack of exercise, improper diet, tobacco consumption to the tune of four packs of menthol light 100s a day, and ever-changing rainbow of experimental prescription drugs pushed by PhD graduates under contract as sales representatives of pharmaceutical manufacturers, over 80% of whom had those PhDs paid for in part or entirely by said makers and sellers of experimental but patentable extremely long molecule chains. In over forty continuous years of consuming four handfuls of multitudes of expensive pills - none of which contained any nutritional content such as essential vitamins and minerals - not one of my maternal unit's violent irrational and often religious-themed outbursts, difficulties in social interaction, narcissistic episodes of selfishness that proclaimed overwhelmingly she was the cause of all activities in the universe, or other various antisocial behaviors was ever effected in either magnitude or frequency or existence.

Not one. Ever.

They only scrambled the inducing neural signals, making any functioning of her brain - usually besides the autonomic functions such as breathing or heartbeats - a sputtering and sparking faulty power wire in a hurricane. I state 'usually' because they all shared another common trait - toxic levels of buildup in her body that necessitated their replacement with another of the drug dealer's products, lest the parent company's source of steady income (40+ years) be cut short. It was, by the way. My mother died with exactly the same mental health issues she started with about ten years under the expected life span at the Shiner Nursing Home and Hospice, two streets away from the Shiner brewery (in Shiner, Texas, it feels redundant to relate).

Shiner, Texas is located in the majority landmass of the state - Nowhere. None of the census-counted population of 2,069 is less than a century in age, except the residents of the Shiner Nursing Home and Rehabilitation Center (and Hospice). Note that said residents provide quite a large percentage of monetary income in the city that is not related to the heart of its industry - the Shiner brewery, which is owned by the Gambrinus Company, walking distance from where this is being written in San Antonio. They have recently opened a distillery at the location as well, producing vodka, gin, and a clear corn whiskey. The same company is the importer of Wicked Ales, Moosehead, Corona, Modelo, and more. My aunt - mother's only sister - lived in Moulton, less than ten miles away. Whenever I was visiting, I always refueled my vehicle at the same gas station - deliberately leaving my car at the pump, prepaying for petrol and an empty clear plastic cup at the register, which I filled at the wide variety of beer taps located next to the soda fountains and consumed at the tables with the ever-present centarians doing the same. Besides the drug manufacturer and Nursing Home, there is very little else in the way of commerce. An independently owned grocery store that did not scan your items the last time I was there. A few specialist attorneys and physicians. A single, more modern chain convenience store with far more fuel islands and a strictly-enforced policy of prohibiting anyone from consuming alcoholic beverages on the property. There are no cookie-cutter neighborhoods with cubes of dwellings lined up ruler-straight along flattened grids of pavement bereft of trees and entirely painted the same four alternating shades of oatmeal beige to match the residents. The only other businesses generating profit that stand out in my memories are a much higher than average ratio of churches - all warring factions of Christianity - to townsfolk. The one my aunt attended - probably Lutheran, as both sides of my family were raised - was located in the much smaller Moulton, population 854. A check on Wikipedia reveals there are three churches in Moulton, two of them actually cathedrals with towering heavenward spires and intricately ornate decoration. The third is, indeed, a Lutheran denomination meeting space of a much more somber size. Upon learning of my crisis concerning the disappearance of my fiancé and friend of 39 years - Patricia Ann Roberts/Coffey/Dumas/Randle - from Lake Orion, Michigan after trying to escape the white supremacist narcissistic abuser she was living with - Thomas Wayne Randle - the congregation of the Zion Lutheran Church in Moulton raised $1000 to send me after the devastating losses back-to-back of my autistic daughter and bride-to-be forced the sale of my homestead at a loss in an effort to fund a private investigation. $10,000 could not persuade any one of thirteen P.I.s that I contacted to do anything but a privileged database search at an average charge of $400-1000. All refused to leave their climate controlled office. The last one I spoke to informed me that going to the

address and knocking on the door was 'too dangerous'.

'don't do semantics'. What an insult to any and everyone. Whether Mint Rain was an actual person or an employee managing dozens of social media accounts for the purpose of attempting to influence public opinion, it is clear that logical reasoning and even the slightest ability to communicate with others - which is a two-way process potentially benefitting all parties involved - is the enemy and antithesis of their methods and goals. In response to what I had written, it is nonsensical, even more so than it already is. I offered detailed personal experience reinforced with observations accumulated from nearly half a century. The points made are open to debate in a largely populated forum. But Mint Rain displays for the community everything they have to offer - a feigning of authority by a lonely child with no ideas to contribute to assist in the furtherance of the issue. Just like a child trying desperately to impress, a term is employed that it heard the adults use on a late-night television show. Obviously, since M Rain has no clue what 'semantics' means, then neither could anyone else. A horrifying statement reflecting on their personal habits and an insight as to exactly how lazy they insist the world outside of their skin is - this is an online platform, only accessable with devices that can define unfamiliar words with nearly zero effort.

Free will and reasoning is what defines us as human beings. No one that identifies themselves as an individual will ever be persuaded by advertisements, music, or any other type of media to give up their logical thinking abilities. Critical evaluation techniques are the only other lesson besides fluent communication skills that a student needs. With a foundation of these two aptitudes the future is theirs to forge. To judge someone by age instead of demonstrated abilities is just as damaging and limiting as discrimination on the basis of gender or location of where one's parents had sex. Let's make this perfectly crystalline: no matter how many times information is repeated in one's presence, it still doesn't change lies to truth or right from wrong.

Avenues in every city are overflowing with hypocrites and psychopaths on the parade. Entitled children choosing to spend their time on Earth making profit from the suffering of others, instead of working together as a community to address problems and speed progress toward solutions. One must beware of those who speak in approved soundbites and cliches instead of offering original insights and ideas. They are pawns, and expendable to their masters. This undeserved arrogance is fortunate for the Good Peoples of the Earth. Our enemies are not hiding, but wearing garish costumes in the sun. A scenario Americans have taken advantage of before.

The phrase 'liberal agenda' is one that the 67-year-old infant in Lake Orion, Michigan mentioned above uses every paragraph indention, imitating the speech patterns and drug addictions of Rush Limbaugh. A 'ranking member' and financier of one of the state's twenty-two racist hate groups, who has gone so far as to pay several online background check services to state that he is of Greek or Italian parentage - hilariously forgetting to capitalize 'western european' on one site, as if anyone who has ever looked at a map believes Greece and Italy are in Western Europe. (His father is Hispanic.)

Imagine this sentence is an arrow, bright red and flashing, pointing directly at those who seek to disrupt independent thought. How ugly and pitiful they are. Weak and cowardly, continuously bullying and dismissing and threatening to divert attention from the fact that they are the problem - always, every time. Be mindful of these parasites spreading disease, or you may also disappear like Patty. There is no evidence she is alive, only repeated attempts to publicly imitate her online by a feeble-minded manipulator who desperately needs me to give up and go away, like everyone always does. Lack of attention span makes you a mark and a target.

Thank you for reading.